

ALASKA SENTINEL.

VOL. I. NO. IV.

WRANGELL, ALASKA THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1902.

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

CHRISTMAS

My stock is more Complete this season than ever before, such as

**Watches, Jewelry,
Silverware, Spectacles,
Bound Volumes, Kodaks,
Toys, Etc.,**

All these make Fine Holiday Gifts.

And work desires such as

Making Nugget Pins, Chains, Etc.,

Should be brought in now.

**My line of Handkerchiefs &
Ties are more than Fine.**

Don't Forget the Fact

That I also have a full line of **Heinz's** Pickles, sweet, sour and every other way, Jellies and Pre-WELL'S Chaw-Chow, Preserves, &c.

The Stove Line is O. K. I can furnish you anything from a Camp Stove to a Beautiful Range.

Have you seen my line of ARCTICS?

F. W. CARLYON, Merchant.

Donald Sinclair!

We carry a Full Line of General Merchandise,

**Clothing, Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries,
Hats and Caps, Notions, Tinware,
Boots and Shoes, Tobaccos,
Glassware, Stoves; Paints and Oils.**

→ OUTFITS A SPECIALTY →

First Shipment of Holiday Goods Just Arrived.

Give us a Call.

CITY STORE.

WRANGELL, - - - ALASKA.

ST. MICHAELS TRADING CO.

(Established 1898.)

Dealers In

**Dry Goods, Clothing, Gents Furnishings, Hats and Caps,
Ladies' Capes and Jackets, Furniture, Queensware, Groceries,
Hardware, Graniteware, Fancy Crockery, Stoves, Oil; Paints; Mining Outfits.**

We have also in connection with our business a

FIRST-CLASS TINSHOP.

Where all orders in regard to Tinwork, Camp work, Plumbing and Gunsmithing will be attended to on short notice.

Special Attention to MAIL ORDERS.

**AGENTS FOR HERCULES POWDER
WRANGELL, - ALASKA.**

ALASKA SENTINEL.

Published every Thursday by
A. V. R. SNYDER
Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription Rates.

One Year—In Advance.....\$2 00
Six Months ".....1 25
Three Months ".....75

Advertising Rates.

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Locals, per Line.....10

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Physicians and Surgeons.

McKinnon Building, Wrangell.

Calls promptly responded, day and night
Office at the Stickeen Pharmacy.

GEORGE CLARK,

Attorney-at-Law

and Notary Public.

Wrangell, - - - Alaska.

GEO. E. RODMAN,

Attorney-at-Law.

Ketchikan, Alaska.

Will practice in all courts. All business
promptly attended to.

**OLYMPIC
Restaurant and Bakery.**

THE

**Olympic Restaurant and
Wrangell Dairy Co.,**

PROPRIETORS.

Wrangell, - - - Alaska.

First-Class Meals, 35c. and Up.

Special Rates to Boarders.

Fresh Bread and Pastry

Always on hand.

Milk and Cream.

ICE CREAM

Made to Order on Short Notice.

U. S. MAIL BOAT

Tidings,

R. B. YOUNG, Master,

Sails on or about

The 10th of Each Month

Carrying Mail, Passengers and Freight,
for

Olympic Mining Co.'s Hattie Camp,

Shakan, Klawack,

Howkan, Copper Mt.,

Klin Quann, Hunter's Bay

For freight and passenger rates, apply
to **R. B. YOUNG.**

GO TO

J. G. Grant,

WRANGELL,

For all of the

Latest Papers

—and—

Leading Periodicals.

Fresh Fruits

AND

Confectionery.

ALL ORDERS FOR

COAL

PROMPTLY FILLED.

Steamers a Specialty.

**Fred S. Johnston
Custom Shoemaker.**

All kinds of Leather and Rubber Goods
repaired substantially and at Reason-
able Rates.
Union Shop, Front Street, Wrangell.

LOCAL GRIST.

**Ground Out Weekly for The
Sentinel Readers.**

Christmas, two weeks from today
Shortest day, one week from next
Monday. It can't get here any too
soon.

Mr. Svindseth will soon lay the
trim little launch Lorens up for
the winter at Ideal Cove.

Attorney and Mrs. Clark have
been making some improvements
to their building on Front street.

The Band are practicing Tuesday
and Friday evenings of each week
and are making good progress.

If you receive a sample copy of
this paper it is an invitation for
you to become a subscriber.

The weather that we have been
having makes John Grant smile
all over. People must have coal,
you know.

L. J. Cole is fully repairing his
building in West Wrangell in a
substantial manner. Mr. Goodwin
is helping him.

Fred Stackpole piloted the Alice
down to McHenry Inlet and back
in safety and has spent several
days in town during the week.

J. W. Raber, a tonsorial artist,
whose home is at Salem, Oregon,
came up on the Topeka and stop-
ped off at Wrangell where he will
open a shop.

The space in the SENTINEL is
somewhat limited; but arrange-
ments have been made to overcome
this and we hope next week to pre-
sent it in an enlarged form.

Mrs. W. G. Beattie has been suf-
fering for some days past with
lumbago. She has been forced to
abandon her position in the public
school, where she proved such an
efficient instructor.

Albert Colteen filled up with bad
whisky one day last week, gave Tom
Korasko (Indian) some of the same
medicine and then for some reason
put a bad head on the old man. He
was given a trial, found guilty—
and will serve 100 days in the cool-
er. It seemed that James Hadley
got mixed up in the fracas some
way and the next day he was ar-
rested, charged with giving Indians
whisky, but the jury in his case
failed to agree.

Organize a fire company. The
town may need it.

Mr. Adolph Stark was consider-
ably under the weather last week,
—threatened with pneumonia.

The Chamber of Commerce is
gradually gaining some good mem-
bership.

Despite the cold weather that has
prevailed, the health of the com-
munity is reported good. Wrangell
for health!

Mr. Stark has moved his printing
office back to the parsonage, where
he will continue to publish the
Missionary Herald.

Look at the various store win-
dows of town, see the glittering
Christmas goods and conclude what
you want to get your best girl, if
you have one.

The Topeka came in from the
south at 10 p. m. last Friday night
with several passengers and a fair
amount of freight. She left up at
5 p. m. Saturday.

Mr. Hills, clerk of the court for
this district, with his wife went
down on the Cottage City last week.
They were on their way to Honolulu
to spend the winter.

The Knights of King Arthur, a
juvenile secret society, having for
its object the mental and moral ad-
vancement of its members, holds
weekly meetings and the little fel-
lows enter into its deliberations
with a lively spirit.

Messrs. Al Bell and Charley Dar-
well came up from Tolstoy last
week, during the cold weather.
They were four days coming a dis-
tance of sixty miles; but as they
had a trim little sloop, with a stove
in it, they suffered no inconven-
ience. Mr. Bell goes below for the
winter and Mr. Darwell will prob-
ably remain here.

The SENTINEL office has been
rushed the past week with job
work. Besides some general work
it has printed and bound 100 cop-
ies of By-Laws for the Chamber of
Commerce and 500 1-4 sheet pos-
ters for the St. Michael Co. This
week we have 1000 copies of the
"Northern Light," a 4-page paper
to get off for Rev. Corser. But the
days are 24 hours long, the printers
are gritty and onto their job, and
if the hame-strap holds out, will
pull through all right. Bring on
your work.

Mr. K. J. Knyg was in town sev-
eral days during the week.

Some people think there is no
news in advertisements. This is a
mistake, for in them is conveyed
the information of where you go to
trade to advantage.

Remember it costs but \$2 to have
the SENTINEL sent to your friends
in the States. You cannot make a
better or more profitable Christmas
or New Years gift.

The Dolphin was here from the
south early Monday morning, un-
loaded some freight and passengers
and scooted away to the north as
rapidly as she had come.

Our jailer, J. F. Collins, went to
Juneau on the up trip of the Tope-
ka to look after the case in which
he is plaintiff and the Alaska S. S.
Co. is defendant. It is the out-
come of the Dirigo colliding with
Mr. Collins' wharf, last winter, and
for which he is suing for damages.

There is nothing prettier than
coral, taken from Alaskan waters.
Mr. and Mrs. Case have several
specimens at their home that rep-
resent miniature trees and are real-
ly beautiful. They were pulled up
on the hooks by fishermen while
fishing at the Narrows.

Dr. Schruder, wife and young
daughter arrived from Seattle on
the up trip of the Topeka, and
have gone to housekeeping in the
rooms above the drug store in the
McKinnon building. The Dr. has
been here before; and the family
are a very welcome addition to the
Wrangell population.

Two years ago Hooker (Indian)
died and was buried near Loring.
It has been the custom among the
natives to give a "potlatch" in case
of the death of a relative. But as
this custom is being relegated to
the background with the spreading
of enlightenment, something more
simple comes to take its place.
Hence it was that Harry Moore,
brother of deceased, gave a grand
dinner last Thursday in commem-
oration of the dead, at his home in
this town. Sixty were present, in-
cluding several whites. The tables
fairly groaned beneath the weight
of everything good to eat, and all
did ample justice to the viands.
Besides the dinner, some good
speeches were made and other ex-
ercises had. After dinner the even-
ing was pleasantly passed in inno-
cent games and sociability.

Steamer Capella

A. K. Rastad, Master.

Will leave Wrangell on or about

December 15th, 1902

—For—

Shakan, Klawack, Howkan

And way ports, West Coast of Prince
of Wales Island.

Olympic Mining Co.

C. A. RENOUF,
Commercial Agent.

H. D. CAMPBELL,

—Dealer In—

General Hardware,

**Stoves: Granite Ironware,
Tinware, Galvanized
ware,**

Carpenter Tools Etc.

Boat Hardware a Specia y.

Wrangell, - - - Alaska.

J. F. Connelly. J. M. Lane

Lane & Connelly,

Manufacturers of

Fine Cigars.

204 and 206 Market St.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

New York Kitchen.

T. SUGA, Prop'r.

Open from 7 a. m. to 12 Midnight.

and

The Best Meal Served for 35c.

Best Bread and Pastry

Always on Hand.

DROP IN.

SUFFERED SEVEN YEARS.

WITH CATARRHAL DERANGEMENTS OF THE PELVIC ORGANS.



Miss Kate Brown.

Miss Kate Brown, recording secretary of the L. C. B. Association of Kansas, in a letter from 605 N. Seventh St., Kansas City, Kan., says:

"For seven years I have not known what it was to spend a well day. I caught a severe cold, which I neglected. It was at the time of menstruation and inflammation set in and prostrated me. Catarrh of the kidneys and bladder followed, my digestive organs gave way, in fact the cold disarranged my whole system."

"I spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and medicine, but derived but little benefit until I began treatment with Peruna. I kept taking it for nearly nine months before I was completely cured, but I kept growing better, gradually, so that I felt encouraged to continue taking Peruna until my health was restored. I send my thanks and blessings to you for Peruna."—Miss Kate Brown.

HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS SPENT IN VAIN—PERUNA CURED.



A neglected cold is frequently the cause of death. It is more often, however, the cause of some chronic disease.

There is not an organ in the body but what is liable to become seriously deranged by a neglected cold. Diseases of the kidneys, bladder and digestive organs are all frequently the result of a neglected cold.

Hundreds of dollars are spent on doctors and medicines trying to cure these diseases, but until the true cause of them is discovered there will be no use in using medicine.

Dyspepsia, medicine, diarrhoea, medicine and constipation medicine is of no good whatever when catarrh is the cause. The catarrh must be treated. The cause being removed, the derangements will disappear.

Peruna cures catarrh of the digestive organs, the urinary organs or any of the internal organs.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to send you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

How Williams Came To Go Back East

Williams of Rhode Island was down on his luck. He had been five years in the gold State, and had confidently looked forward to each succeeding year's enabling him to go back home and make things comfortable for the woman and little ones. But each succeeding year had found him precisely where the previous one had left him—a sanguine prospector, with a wealth of hope and a pitifully small outfit.

But this last find had been different. He had taken out sixty dollars a day for a week, and with this substantial evidence of coming prosperity had written a letter which filled the far-away home with sudden joy. Then the vein had disappeared, and he had picked and shoveled and hauled away dirt until his money was exhausted. But the gold was there, he was sure of it; and his confidence had induced the trader at Three Forks to advance him funds. However, there had been a shaft to sink, a solid rock to cut through; and it had all been expensive. When it was accomplished the money was gone—and there was no vein.

He was still confident; but the trader was angry, and had accused him of false pretenses. Only this morning he had received intimation that the Sheriff was about to levy on his mine—on his Molly, named after the dear one it was to do so much for.

He was aroused by approaching footsteps. When he looked up two men stood before him. One of them was the owner of the adjoining claim; the other was the Sheriff.

"I have come to—" began the officer.

"Yes, yes, I know," Williams of Rhode Island rose heavily to his feet. "It's all right. Just go ahead. I can do nothing."

The sheriff looked at him curiously.

"Oh, 'tain't quite so bad as that," he laughed. "I did 'low on makin' a levy; but Kansas here has been tellin' me something that has changed my plans. You needn't bother about the bill just now."

"I s'pose you heard 'bout my luck?" Kansas asked, blandly.

"I've got a pretty vein," Kansas went on frankly; "but hit dips to 'ard you uns' land. If that's a pocket I 'low hit's acrost your line. I don't s'pose y'd be willin' to sell out, clean; but if y'd go pards I'll give ye ten thousand for a half share." He waited a moment, but as there was no reply, added: "I'll make it twenty for a clean job; but of course ye won't quit?"

Williams of Rhode Island looked down into the valley, and up the mountain; and then across to the east, where the sun was just rising above the pines.

"Yes, I'll quit," he said, huskily; "you can buy me out clean. I'm going home."—Philadelphia Times.

FISHING IN THE YELLOWSTONE.

Trout Caught and Boiled in the Same Stream.

People returning from the west frequently have some wonderful stories to relate of how they caught trout in the Yellowstone Park and, without changing their seat, lifted the fish out of the stream of cold water, over into a boiling spring, and cooked it without removing it from the hook. These stories are all very well in their way, but when told in the manner above outlined one can safely put them down as yarns without the slightest foundation in fact. To catch a fish in a stream of cold water and lift it over into a spring of boiling water is one of the many curious things that are possible only in the Yellowstone Park, but should the person so doing attempt to draw the fish out of the boiling spring the head would pull off the thoroughly boiled and perfectly soft body and he would thus lose the fish.

The most wonderful phenomenon of this sort in the Yellowstone Park is one that has thus far escaped those who are fond of telling big fish yarns, mainly for the reason that the locality lies outside the beaten track of travel and visitors and can only be reached after considerable difficulty. At the point in question a stream of clear, cold water flows through the park, receiving in its course the scalding hot waters of one of the numerous boiling springs of that region. This boiling water, as it reaches the cold stream, flows for a considerable distance along one bank before the waters finally mingle and become one in temperature.

Into this spring of boiling water, insects, bugs, toads, grasshoppers and the like are continually dropping and thus losing their lives, and all such insects are, as a matter of course, swept into the cold-water stream. Now in the cold water of this stream a number of hungry trout are continually skimming along the edge of the hot water, taking good care not to venture too close, for the purpose of snapping up and devouring the insects brought down by the hot water and which happen to float over into the cold water, or near enough the border for the trout to pick them up, so that it is possible for a fisherman sitting on the bank, to catch a trout, with a hook and line, draw him two feet from where he took the hook, and boil him good and done, all in the same stream, and without even lifting the fish from the water.

The fisherman would, of course, have to have a scoop net to remove the boiled trout from the water, for otherwise the head would pull off, leaving the body in the water. But, barring this, says the Washington Post, it is within the bounds of truth for one to

say that the Yellowstone is the only place on earth where it is possible to catch and cook a fish in the same stream.

A FABLE FROM REAL LIFE.

How Author of "Fables in Slang" Lived Up to His Theory.

There is a class of people—and they are not all women, either—who cannot be convinced that whatever an author writes isn't autobiographical. If a man writes a love sonnet, he must be in love, a theory which, if carefully applied to some of our poets, would prove that they out-Solomon Solomon. Such persons are rather vexing, for one is sure they would never read Shakespeare's sonnets if they didn't believe there was a woman involved, and they simply glory in the fact that poor little David Copperfield is said to be the boy Dickens himself. To all such this story may have interest.

It is about a fable by George Ade, the past-master of slang. The fable tells of two men, the one who wouldn't learn botany, but got out and dug for the Rocks, or something of that sort; the other who said, "Nay, nay, a cultured mind is the real thing; I'll go through college, and then be it," or something of that sort. Anyway, the first who had "bloodshot hands" (that quotation is exact), got out and rustled for the cash so effectively that by the time the second was earning \$50 a week as a professor, and was still only an A. M., he came to the same college with \$50,000 he had forgotten to take out of his pocket when he changed his "pants" (the professor doubtless wore trousers), saw a new gymnasium was needed, gave the \$50,000 and was made a Ph. D. The laugh seemed to be on number two.

Now, according to James O'Donnell Bennett, who is well known in the theatrical circles, being now connected with the business end of Miss Marlowe's productions, George Ade himself might stand for number one in some way, and Bennett and several more for number two.

"You see," said Bennett, "before Ade was famous, when he was just a newspaper man with the rest, a lot of us used to have quarters in Chicago where we retired at night, when the day's grind was over, and studiously set about improving our minds. But Ade wouldn't join us. While we were reading the sixty-seventh volume of the 'Life of Johnson' he would be down in all sorts of joints, setting up cheap variety actors and the like to beer and ham sandwiches."

"George," we would tell him, "you are not doing right by yourself. You should study and improve your mind, not waste your spare time in cheap and riotous living. Come with us; win culture, not slang."

"But Ade kept on setting up the beer and learning slang. We cut the leaves in the sixty-eighth volume of Boswell. And now—and now, we have minds more or less improved, but Ade draws a salary of \$500 a week, and goes to the Waldorf! There's your fable, to the life."—New York Tribune.

Where Wax Is Mined.

In several parts of the world a resinous substance called ozocerite and bearing considerable resemblance to beeswax is found, usually in connection with rock salt and coal. There are deposits in Austria, Russia, Roumania, Egypt, Algeria, Canada and Mexico, but ozocerite has, so far, not been discovered in sufficient quantities to pay for mining anywhere except in the district of Rorslav, in Austrian Galicia, and on an island on the west coast of the Caspian Sea.

In mining this mineral wax shafts are sunk until a bed or "nest" of ozocerite is struck. Then connecting galleries are driven. There is considerable danger and many lives have been lost in consequence of the sudden forcing up of the soft wax into the shafts by the enormous pressure to which it is subjected. It is used largely for manufacturing ceresin, says the Brooklyn Citizen, which is employed, together with beeswax, for making wax candles, as well as in the manufacture of photographic cylinders, and for many similar purposes.

Progress of Cremation.

That veteran advocate of cremation, Sir Henry Thompson, has published in the Lancet a statistical account of the progress of this movement which should interest those who regard cremation as the only satisfactory mode of disposing decently of the dead, having regard to the safety of the living. At Woking 2,067 cremations have taken place, beginning with 3 in the year 1885 and ending in 1901 with 273. In 1901 there were, besides 95 at Manchester, 40 at Liverpool, 18 at Glasgow, 17 at Hull and 2 at Darlington. Leicester will have a crematorium in a few months, and the institution in course of erection in the north of London will be ready before the close of 1902. The United States has 26 crematories, of which 24 are in use. At Fresh Pond, N. Y., 654 bodies were cremated in 1901, 696 at San Francisco (Odd Fellows), and 182 at Chicago. In Paris, from 1890 to 1901, 2,290 private cremations took place.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Taking Her Down.

May—Yes, I have accepted him. He says I'm a prize. Fay—Consolation prize, I presume. Nobody else would have him.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Worst Patients of All.

Young Doctor—Which kind of patients do you find it the hardest to cure? Old Doctor—Those who have nothing the matter with them.—Judge.

The girl who learns to play the piano well must be mighty tired.

NAPOLEON OF LABOR.

John Mitchell Fairly Worshipped by the Anthracite Coal Miners.

A remarkable phase of the anthracite struggle in Pennsylvania is the blind confidence which the men place in their leader, John Mitchell, writes Walter Wellman. There is not a breath of criticism upon his generalship. Usually in a big strike there are plenty of dissatisfied men who think things could have been better managed had they been at the helm, but here no word of dissatisfaction with Mitchell can be heard. Americans and foreigners alike, they simply idolize him. They are ready at all times to obey every order he issues. If he were to tell the foreigners to go jump into the Wyoming River they would do it. They make a demi-god of him. Their faith in him is completely sublime. They have no more doubt that he is going to win the battle for them than they have of their joy over being in America instead of back in Poland, Italy or Hungary.

To a good many of the newly arrived miners John Mitchell is the one great man in the United States. Possibly they have heard of Pierpont Morgan, and have a dim idea that there is such a man as Theodore Roosevelt. But ask the first Hun or Poland you meet on



PRESIDENT JOHN MITCHELL.

the street who is President of the United States and the odds are about even that he will reply:

"Johnny D'Mitch." John Mitchell, President of the U. M. W. of America, is the only president a good many of them ever heard of.

President Mitchell probably occupies a higher place in the confidence of his followers and of the public at large than any other labor leader America has known. His power for good or evil is something tremendous. Yet this young man of a little more than 30, who has spent fourteen years of his life underground, pick in hand and lamp upon his cap, is not in the least changed by his elevation to such an exalted position. The only effect it has had on him is to make him keenly, almost painfully, alive to his responsibility. A man of heart and conscience, he feels the burden. His daily and hourly prayer is that he may make no blunder which will bring unnecessary hardship upon his faithful followers or deprive them of any advantage which properly belongs to them.

Mr. Mitchell not only carries a tremendous responsibility as leader of the greatest labor strike known in the history of the United States, but he struggles along under a prodigious amount of work. He has scores of callers daily. He gets an average of 150 letters every twenty-four hours, and to every one of them he dictates an answer. A world of detail connected with the management of the relief department demands his attention, and the result of this activity is that the smooth-faced, black-eyed young Napoleon of organized labor is at his task an average of about eighteen hours per day.

The Cause of Lightning.

Where does the superabundant electric energy of a thunderstorm come from? In the annual report of the United States Weather Bureau, condensation is credited with a large share in its production. When small, feebly charged particles of mist are welded together, as it were, into raindrops, since the potential increases as the square of the mass, a high tension may easily be developed. Ten drops, each charged to one thousand volts, will thus produce one drop charged to one hundred thousand volts. As soon as drops begin to form at the beginning of a storm, the relatively small tension of the atmosphere charges soon becomes enormously multiplied, and disruptive lightning discharges are the result.

Making a Cautious Statement.

"I would like to ask you if you believe the plaintiff to be in the habit of speaking the truth?" "Must I answer the question, Judge?" "Yes." "Well, I don't see how I can give you a direct answer. I haven't spoken with the plaintiff for a week or more, and some habits are very quickly formed, you know."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

World's Biggest Orchard.

The biggest orchard in the world is near Santa Barbara, in California. It covers 1,700 acres, and contains 10,000 olive trees, 3,000 walnuts, 10,000 almonds, and nearly 9,000 other fruit and nut trees.

No Joke Either Way.

"It must be horrible to be buried alive." "Well, it's no joke to be buried dead, either."—Ainslee's Magazine.

You can't convince a girl that marriage is a failure until after she tries it.

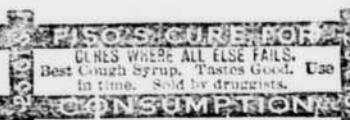
My Lungs

"An attack of la grippe left me with a bad cough. My friends said I had consumption. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it cured me promptly." A. K. Randles, Nokomis, Ill.

You forgot to buy a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral when your cold first came on, so you let it run along. Even now, with all your hard coughing, it will not disappoint you. There's a record of sixty years to fall back on.

Three sizes: 25c., enough for an ordinary cold; 50c., just right for bronchitis, hoarseness, hard colds, etc.; \$1.00, most economical for chronic cases and is kept on hand.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.



A report is made by the American consul at Liverpool upon a municipal socialism in Great Britain. Among the enterprises managed by municipalities are Turkish baths owned by Leamington and Harrogate; a rabbit-warren, by Torquay; an oyster-fishery, by Chichester; a crematory, by Hull. Doncaster and Chester own race-courses, and in Doncaster the town itself manages the races. St. Helen's supplies sterilized milk. The report says that nearly a thousand municipalities in Great Britain own water-works; about a hundred own street railways; many more own gas works. Speaking generally, the consul finds that municipal government in the kingdom is honest, intelligent and energetic; and, as a rule, political considerations have little to do with the engagement or retention of civil employes.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of



See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.

"ALL SIGNS FAIL IN A DRY TIME. THE SIGN OF THE FISH NEVER FAILS IN A WET TIME."



OUR GOODS ARE ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

THE FISH as a sign has a history. This is told in an interesting booklet which is yours for the asking.

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. WET WEATHER CLOTHING TOWERS' FISH BRAND

Best on Earth—

Because it is made of the best material possible to buy. The manufacturers absolutely pay 25 to 35 per cent above the market price of best grades of wagon timber for the privilege of cutting over and skimming off the cream of the wagon stock, which is carried for 3 to 4 years before making up, which means an investment in wood stock of nearly one million dollars. MITCHELL Wagons are unsurpassed for quality, proportion, finish, strength and light running. Why—take chances on any other? Why—not get the best?—A. MITCHELL. Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co. Portland, Seattle, Spokane, Boise. Agents Everywhere.

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Apply to NATHAN BICKFORD, ATTORNEY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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MALARIA An Invisible Enemy to Health

Means bad air, and whether it comes from the low lands and marshes of the country, or the filthy sewers and drain pipes of the cities and towns, its effect upon the human system is the same.

These atmospheric poisons are breathed into the lungs and taken up by the blood, and the foundation of some long, debilitating illness is laid. Chills and fever, chronic dyspepsia, torpid and enlarged liver, kidney troubles, jaundice and biliousness are frequently due to that invisible foe, Malaria. Noxious gases and unhealthy matter collect in the system because the liver and kidneys fail to act, and are poured into the blood current until it becomes so polluted and sluggish that the poisons literally break through the skin, and carbuncles, boils, abscesses, ulcers and various eruptions of an indolent character appear, depleting the system, and threatening life itself.

The germs and poisons that so oppress and weaken the body and destroy the life-giving properties of the blood, rendering it thin and watery, must be overcome and carried out of the system before the patient can hope to get rid of Malaria and its effects.

S. S. S. does this and quickly produces an entire change in the blood, reaching every organ and stimulating them to vigorous, healthy action. S. S. S. possesses not only purifying but tonic properties, and the general health improves, and the appetite increases almost from the first dose. There is no Mercury, Potash, Arsenic or other mineral in S. S. S. It is strictly and entirely a vegetable remedy.

Write us about your case, and our physicians will gladly help you by their advice to regain your health. Book on blood and skin diseases sent free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Alaska Sentinel

Published Weekly.

WRANGLER ALASKA.

Uncle Samuel—Well, goodbye, Cuh. Take keer o' yourself.

Never do anything gratis to-day that some one is likely to pay you to do to-morrow.

"Make room for the kicker." It isn't necessary; he generally makes room for himself.

Albany, N. Y., has refused to accept a Carnegie library. Alas, poor Andrew! He may have to die rich after all.

Readers of the Bible will remember that Ezekiel long ago sounded a warning to "them that dwell carelessly in the isles."

A man got ninety days for stealing an umbrella. The man whose shade is lost usually talks as if the crime merited ninety years.

"Pull Tight" postoffice in Shannon County, Missouri, has been discontinued, and mail for that point will in future go to Ink.

We don't wish anybody any harm, but isn't Denmark running a pretty big risk in deciding to hold on to her stock of West Indian islands until fall?

A Chicago man went crazy because he inherited \$4,000. It is evident that he would never have been a Morgan even if he could have had Pierp's chance.

Council Bluffs Nonpareil thinks this thing of Cornelius Vanderbilt introducing the fashion of wearing gold buttons for evening dress suits is carrying the gold standard too far.

That man and woman, aged 77 and 75 respectively, who were forced to elope for the purpose of getting married, may well say: "And, oh Lord, save us from the wrath of our children and our children's children."

The opinion of a clergyman that the earthquakes are the death throes of Satan is encouraging. It is to be regretted, however, that the old rebel has been so long dying. Earthquakes have been known for thousands of years.

Another woman killer has had the grace to blow the top off his own head after shooting his victim. The action is, of course, no amendment for the murder, but it at least saves decent people the trouble and expense of hanging the assassin. The example is commended to gentlemen who contemplate murdering their wives.

A sociological expert is inclined to believe that society should facilitate the process of evolution by killing off people who are unfit to live. The professor, of course, means only the physically unfit. If he included people too mean to live the undertakers would have to work eight-hour shifts in order to keep up with the public executioner.

Of all the thousands living in St. Pierre but a moment before the destruction of the city, only one person lived after the tempest of flame had passed. When searchers went into the midst of that appalling scene of death and desolation, they found in a stone cell of the jail, alive and unhurt, a negro murderer, chained to the wall, where he awaited the execution of the death sentence of the law. When released he rose and fled. Lot, the righteous man, was saved out of Sodom. A murderer was saved out of St. Pierre.

During a fire in a large apartment house in Chicago recently, a child of 9 years old was seen emerging from the burning building, holding a caged canary in one hand and the family cat and her skirt in the other. The crowd outside took in the situation and cheered her lustily. The girl had been carefully drilled by her father, with repeated practice, what to do in case of fire. On hearing the alarm she had jumped out of bed, calmly picked out her best clothes, put them on, and made her exit decently and in good order, bearing her own particular treasures with her. A better than Casablanca is here!

The cry of frenzied and panic-stricken inhabitants of the island of Martinique to be taken away is met by the determination of the French Government to evacuate the island entirely. Nature has triumphed over man. In the long fight between the two the former has been put under contribution to the latter. It has been held down, repressed, made a slave. As if in revenge, it appears to claim one region for its own. Thus far shalt thou go and no farther, says recalcitrant nature, and man, terrorized, submits. But if this land is given up, may not the people of other islands in the volcanic belt also give up the struggle and evacuate. Every island in the Windward group is subject to a like visitation and throughout the West Indies a similar doom impends. Is nature going to claim one district for its own where it may mutter and spit upon the earth to its content? And will the day ever come when man shall control its subterranean wrath even in those beautiful but stricken islands of the sea?

Recently two attempts were made to kill the chief of police of Moscow.

Three shots were fired at the governor-general of Warsaw, and the minister of the interior was assassinated at St. Petersburg. All these crimes were committed by students or by their friends, and may be interpreted as a response to the severe measures recently taken by the government against student agitators. How severe these measures are is indicated by the fact that in Moscow alone six hundred students have been condemned either to exile or imprisonment. The process is that known as "administrative order," that is, a simple police hearing, in which the person accused has small chance to vindicate himself. The minister of education, General Vannovski, the one Russian official of high rank who has shown sympathy with reform, has resigned in despair because the reactionary elements are too strong for him. At the other social extreme there have been riots of working men, partly on their own account, as an incident of strikes, and partly to express sympathy with the student agitation. In the southern provinces there have been outbreaks of peasants, aimless and unorganized, the expression apparently of a blind revolt against the misery of their lot. In Finland there is determined resistance to recent edicts for the Russification of the army. The communal governments have refused to obey the edicts, the conscripts summoned have not responded, and at Helsingfors, the Finnish capital, there has been street fighting between the people and the Cossacks. Russia is a vast empire, and is ruled so autocratically that a revolutionary propaganda encounters peculiar difficulties. The press is censored, and there is no opportunity for public assembly. But these simultaneous demonstrations of unrest among different classes of people and in widely separated parts of the empire tell a story of revolt which is the more pathetic for being seemingly hopeless.

The drift of young men toward the engineering professions is one of the marked developments of an industrial era in which inventive genius is harnessing the forces of nature to every possible form of productive energy. The electrical field is particularly alluring, this department in the technical schools being crowded beyond the facilities provided for instruction. In order to prepare students to enter upon successful careers in the various departments of engineering these technical schools have arranged their curricula with reference to teaching the largest amount of science and engineering that can be compressed into the time at the student's disposal. The schools have found it necessary to omit from their courses many studies which were formerly regarded as essential to a liberal education. Chief among these are the languages and English composition. That this is a serious defect in technical school training is now becoming manifest in all branches of modern engineering, and, singularly enough, the technical journals are the first to recognize it and to call attention to it. The benefits to be derived from a study of modern languages by those who are preparing for a profession, much of the literature of which is written in other languages than that spoken by the student, would seem to be plainly obvious. But if instruction in foreign languages must be dispensed with, the acquirement of ability to speak and write the English language clearly, concisely and logically would seem to be of the first importance to engineers. A man may be an expert in some department of engineering and may have a most complete knowledge of his subject, but without the ability to impart his ideas to others in good English he suffers a severe handicap. Says the Electrical Review: "The value of an engineering report does not depend so much upon the erudition and the familiarity with the subject exhibited by the engineer making it as it does upon his ability to make clear and explicit his reasons, to show logically the origin of his deductions, and to impress others with his conclusions. It is precisely this art which has been neglected. Facility in the use of language is a tool in the hands of a competent man with which he can accomplish much. Mere knowledge without this facility is practically useless." The technical school, however, is not alone in the matter of deficient training in English. A similar complaint is lodged against the high schools and colleges. It is gratifying to note, however, that the engineering journals are joining vigorously in the general appeal for a more thorough and exact training in English expression.

In Washington. "Sir," cried the disorderly individual who had refused to pay his fare, "do you know who I am?" "Send me your name and address by mail," said the husky conductor as he hustled the struggling man down the aisle of the car.

"I'm a United States Senator, sir!" shrieked the disorderly one. "You are insulting and assaulting the majesty of the government, fellow!" The conductor grimly smiled as he balanced his victim on the lower step of the platform. "You're the twenty-third Senator I've had to eject to-day," he said as he let the stranger gently slide onto the pavement. "And it strikes me that the old gag is a little overworked." Then with one hand on the bell rope he poked his head into the car. "Any more Senators to get off here?" he politely inquired.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There is no getting around the fact that the average girl imposes outrageously upon her mother.

Prosperous throat specialists naturally look down in the mouth at times.



EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Right of Way.

ONE remark in the brief colloquy between the President and the motorman who came so near to killing him was eminently characteristic. We are told that the parting words of the motorman, as the President turned away, were: "Your driver had a right to get out of the way, anyhow." The remark was as insolent as it was slangy, and as brutal as it was insolent. But it was typical and illuminating in a high degree.

It expressed with exactness if not with elegance the too frequent attitude of the strong and swift toward the less strong and less swift upon our highways. Their rule is simply an arrogant "get out of the way." The trolley car motorman clangs his gong and expects all other vehicles and pedestrians to get out of the way. If they do not it is their own fault if they get run over. The automobile motorman blows his raucous horn and ploughs furiously along the middle of the road, expecting all others to get out of the way. The driver of horses attached to some cumbersome vehicle, or the driver of some swift trotter, acts similarly toward the hapless pedestrian. "Get out of the way!" is the insolent mandate of the strong to the weak.

As a matter of fact, that is an unlawful attitude. The weak have equal rights of way with the strong. If there be any discrimination between them it is in favor of the weak. The steamship must yield right of way to the sailing vessel, and the vehicle to the pedestrian. It is reasonably and right that it should be so. So far as trolley cars are concerned, it is especially so, for they have no proprietary right in the street. They occupy the street on sufferance, as tenants at the will of the real owners, and it is incumbent upon them to respect the rights of the owners. The President's carriage had a superior right of way to that of the trolley car which ran it down. It was not so much incumbent upon the driver of the carriage to get out of the way, as the motorman declared, as it was upon the motorman of the car to yield the right of way to a vehicle, no matter whether it was the carriage of the President or of the humblest private citizen.—New York Tribune.

The Lesson of a Fad.

THE appointment of a receiver for the bicycle trust affords an interesting object lesson. The reason for such action, or rather the causes which have led to it, are obvious. Bicycling a few years ago was neither an industry, nor a sport, but a fad, and a fad is bound to pass away. We do not say it is a fad now. Most manifestly it is not. It is both an industry and a sport, and as such will doubtless be perpetuated. But the penalty for its period of fadship must be paid. The vast inflation of it for a few years, when everybody seemed to be bicycle mad, has been followed by inevitable collapse. After a time, and after various fluctuations, a rational status will be established. People will continue to use bicycles, for business, for pleasure and for health, and the industry of making and selling them will be a steady and profitable one.

The automobile has come to stay, as did the bicycle. But it has not come to stay as a fad any more than did the other. The bicycle which abides is not the featherweight wheel of the humpbacked scorchers, but the substantial and trustworthy wheel of the rider who rides for business or pleasure or health. The automobile which will abide will not be the wailing, clattering, snorting, smoking, stinking thing in which the begoggled scorchers now delight to rush through slaughter of others to his own destruction. It will be a safe, comfortable, trustworthy engine, convenient to its users and inoffensive to all others. That is a prediction which may be made with absolute confidence, and those who are first to accept it as a fact and to act upon it will be in least danger of loss when the inevitable reaction comes against the beginnings of an intolerable fad.—New York Tribune.

The Intellect of Women.

WHILE there seem to be no directions in which men cannot excel women intellectually, there are a large class in which women are not wholly disqualified, so that a clever woman can beat an ordinary man; and there is another large class, where even the ablest women are so far behind as to be entirely out of the race. Though men excel in both directions, the kind of mind that is almost peculiar to men may be fitly called the masculine. It will be interesting to distinguish between the two types more perfectly. Women can learn languages nearly as well as men, especially modern languages, in which it is sometimes possible to secure rational tuition. It is only in the higher walks that they fall behind. In such subjects as history, women are again not, as a rule, behind men, except in the higher branches. Mathematics is to some extent anomalous. It is a subject that requires very close attention and concentration, but little more in most branches. It does not demand any high order of intellect. The reasoning is close, but it is purely deductive. It is a study from which women have never

been precluded, yet they have never done anything in the higher branches. No woman has even invented a calculus, neither do women apply mathematics to solve physical problems. The creative and the original seem absent from feminine mathematics, as from most feminine work. When we come to science we find women are simply nowhere. The feminine mind is quite unscientific. Men are curious about things, women about people. While those of his sex read the works of a great man, women read his biography and letters. There may be brilliant exceptions here and there, which are too infrequent to count, but, broadly speaking, the scientific woman does not exist.

One of Cuba's Needs.

AMERICANS regard Cuba as being exclusively a sugar and tobacco country. I venture the prophecy that within a very few years she will supply the United States with oranges, winter vegetables, winter straw-berries, coffee, india rubber, indigo, bananas, corn and beef cattle—all of which can be cultivated much more economically than is possible in the United States or South America and without any danger of loss or destruction by frost, as Cuba is below the frost line, being protected by the gulf stream.

While all of the industries above mentioned may be gone into on a large scale, they are particularly attractive to the man with small capital. When it comes to the culture of sugar cane and tobacco more money is needed, which is also partially true of the pineapple industry, as pines are infinitely more profitable when cultivated on a large scale. The capitalist and syndicate naturally turn to sugar and tobacco, both of which can be made enormously profitable. But Cuba today stands in great need of the small farmer, and the small farmer, if he but knew it, has been looking for Cuba all of his life.—Collier's Weekly.

Haiti's Unfortunate Condition.

HAITI, never heard from save for some bad cause, will soon celebrate the centenary of its political independence, proclaimed Jan. 1, 1804.

It has had a century of self-government. No government has been secure. Life has never been safe from military execution. Taxation has been organized plunder. Barbarism has succeeded semi-civilization.

Haiti might have the best, most profitable sugar plantations known. It can grow the best coffee of the West Indies, its ports are at the very entrance of the Caribbean Sea. It should be the house of call for the commerce of a score of islands and some 5,000 miles of coast. Its mineral resources are unknown, but there is every reason to believe them large. It has steaming coal which it does not raise, copper it does not smelt and gold for which it makes no search.

It is a tramp country. Its population, part of which is cursed by voodooism and all of which is lower than the average Asiatic, squats on a rich 10,000 square miles and keeps it useless. No evil is absent. There is no real education, no efficient civil administration, no protection for trade, property or life.

A tramp country like this cannot go on forever. No man would be allowed to make rich land a nuisance of inhuman cruelty, the hiding place of plunder and murder. Neither can a country. There is no divine right of peoples any more than of kings.—Philadelphia Press.

Where Prosperity Originates.

IT is a fact which many persons seem to forget that all the material wealth comes out of the ground. The pathetic stories from the large cities connected with the fresh-air aids have told more than once of little children who had never seen green grass and who had no idea of the open country until given these outings. There are grown-up people of abundant wealth who are equally ignorant of what the country is in its relation to general business interests. They assume that when stocks go up 10 points the country is richer thereby, and that when a great syndicate takes \$50,000,000 worth of property and capitalizes at \$500,000,000, this paper performance has created \$450,000,000 of new wealth.

They buy and sell and go speculating through life on this sort of assumption, and do not stop to think that it is only as the iron and coal are dug up and as the sunshine and the rain bring the grain to the harvest that anything is added to what already is. Meanwhile it is well to bear in mind that while speculators can grow rich in their big deals, the world can watch with wonder their great achievements, still they are not producers. Somebody else gives up what they get, and it is the unnoticed producer who furnishes the tangible material elements of prosperity. Even legitimate buying and selling, what goes under the general name of trade and keeps so many people busy, adds nothing to what already is. When two men trade horses there are still only those two horses at the end of the trade.—Hartford Courant.

DO WHOLESALE COOKING.

Novel Gotham Establishments Supply Restaurants with Cooked Food.

If it were asserted without any explanation that there were restaurants in New York which cooked large quantities of food day and night and yet which never sold a mouthful to a person within their doors it would certainly arouse doubt or ridicule. Yet such is the fact. There are more than forty establishments of this class in New York. Their customers are not hungry men, but restaurants, eating booths, oyster stands, and free lunch counters. There was a time when every place of this sort owned and used its own kitchen, but the increase of rents, the decrease in the size of store property and the greater economy necessitated by keen competition have brought the wholesale restaurant into existence and made it a financial success.

Most of these affairs are on the east side and are managed by Germans, Hebrews, Swiss and English, their numbers being in the order named. They supply roast beef, lamb, veal, mutton, corn beef and pork, pot roasts, baked and boiled fish, fried oysters, clams, scallops, eels, fishballs and soft-shell crabs, boiled potatoes, cabbage, turnips and beets.

A few supply a larger bill of fare, but the demand for their goods is comparatively limited. They purchase good, wholesome material, employ excellent cooks, own efficient delivery wagons and run affairs upon a good business basis.

When you pass an oyster stand and see nicely fried oysters and soft-shell crabs neatly piled upon a platter, and decorated with little sprigs of parsley, twice out of three times you look at the wares of these establishments. The tiny restaurants in the business districts, and especially those which cater to clerks and workmen, depend almost entirely upon the wholesale restaurants for their food. Oddly enough, says the New York Post, they can sell their cooked food to the retail restaurants for less than what the latter would pay for the raw materials. This comes from buying wholesale in very

large quantities, in cooking on a large scale and in utilizing all the waste products.

AN ODD COLLECTION.

Why a Book Lover Buys Old Bibles and Hymn Books.

"All book collectors have their weaknesses," remarked a man who is often seen poring over the sidewalk counters of second-hand book shops, "and mine, I confess, runs in the line of old Bibles and hymn books. Not particularly because they are Bibles and hymn books, but because I simply can't stand it to see such books tossed about as dusty, almost worthless second-hand goods. Except in the case of rare old Bibles or quite ancient hymn books, such books cost but a trifle; religious books, as a rule, are almost unsalable in a second-hand shop, and I buy a great many. Only, however, such as contain family names and inscriptions of pathetic character.

"My first purchase of the kind was an Episcopal prayer book, battered and torn, with the name of an old friend of mine in gilt on the cover. It gave me a shock to find it on a second-hand counter, so I paid the required dime and carried it home. The man is dead, and his children are living in other cities, well to do. I have no idea how his prayer book became public property. People are queer. I offered it to a remote relative of the former owner, but she said she didn't care about it. Since then I have bought in other old family Bibles and hymn books which belonged to people I had known, or which contain interesting written matter. It is pitiful to see a Bible inscribed, 'To my dear son Henry, from his devoted mother,' or, 'Elizabeth, from a loving father,' or, 'Little William's birthday gift to Uncle William.'"

"When these books come into my hands I erase or tear out the inscriptions, and if my shelf of old Bibles and hymn books ever gets started out again as 'religious junk' it will all be anonymous and wanting in that distressing quality which has made me, perhaps, absurdly sentimental over it."—Detroit Free Press.

Lives in a Fairy House.

The water spider runs about on the leaves of aquatic plants and catches the insects that live among them; but the nest in which this spider lives is a silk bag, filled with air, and it is anchored beneath the water. Its opening points directly downward, so that no air can escape when the spider enters it.

After the nest has been made large enough, the spider proceeds to fill it with air in the most remarkable way. She carries it in, just as human people might carry coal or wood or water into their houses. Going nearly to the surface, she puts the end of her body out of the water for an instant, then jerks it quickly under with a bubble attached, crosses her hind legs over it, and descends to the nest, into which she then allows the bubble to escape.

This is repeated until the nest is filled with air.

The spider has chosen this singular abode to escape destruction by water fowl. The leaves of most aquatic plants lie flat upon the water, and offer only few places where the spider could hide from enemies.

The thought of a house of silk, filled with air, says the New York Tribune, and anchored in a crystalline, sparkling liquid, would do for a fairyland story, but here it is in real life.

A Favorite of the King.

King Edward is a great lover of dogs and has had many favorites. The present chosen and constant canine companion of his majesty is an Irish terrier named Jack. He came into the King's possession November last and now lives with his majesty, travels with him and lies beside the King's chair all day.

Safe in His Ignorance.

Belle—He has money, you know. Emma—Yes, I appreciate that fact, but how am I to live happily with a man who is my inferior? "Don't tell him and he'll never know it."—Modern Society.

After the average man reaches fifty, the sacrifices he has to make in order to afford luxuries for his children begin to show more plainly in his clothes.

HERMIT OF BOG MOUNTAIN.

Cuts Ten Tons of Hay Yearly and Gets It In on a Wheelbarrow.

At the base of Bog Mountain is a farm under cultivation, owned and carried on by Silas Prescott. There is no highway leading into this place.

About seventy-five years ago there was a large family of boys, sons of Samuel Prescott, settled on or near Prescott Hill. One of these, Josiah, about sixty years ago cleared up a few acres of tillage and built a house at the base of Bog Mountain. Much of the lumber he carried on his back from the highway, a distance of half a mile. He lived there the remaining part of his life. Five children were born on this farm.

One of them, Silas B., now 54 years of age, has always lived on the birthplace. His father died in 1876 and his mother in 1891. Mr. Prescott lives alone, the town giving him his taxes on condition that he ask for no highway.

A reporter called upon him and ascertained that he lived alone, had ten acres of tillage, cut about ten tons of hay, and gets it in on a wheelbarrow. His great hobby is keeping bees and he has the business down fine, some years receiving large returns. This year the bees are a failure as to honey. They are so tame with him that he can spread honey on his face, lie down on the grass and the bees will come and take the honey away and do not sting him. He handles them without any fear.

Mr. Prescott says he never gets lonely. He spends a great deal of time in hunting and fishing, and in the season for them gets very many skunks. He says he has caught as four of these odoriferous animals in a night without a dog. He takes a lantern on his arm and sets out for a night's hunt. A bridle path leads from the fourth New Hampshire turnpike to his place. The darkest or stormiest night has no terror for him.

Mr. Prescott once won a bag of meal on a wager that he could carry it home, a distance of two miles, letting down and putting up two pairs of bars himself, without setting the meal down. For diet he uses crackers, canned goods, fish, game, and berries in their season.

The reporter asked him how he would like a woman to keep house for him. He had a good many "ifs" in his answer. He seemed to enjoy his mode of living as well as any he could have. In winter he cuts some wood and lumber, but summer or winter, work is not allowed to interfere with his interest in sport or recreation.

For several years he was a member of Messer Rifles, Company A, 3d Regiment, N. H. N. G. He was obliged to walk eight miles, and was one of the most regular attendants at the company meetings. He was counted as one of the best, and gave credit to his company, taking great interest in it and its affairs.—Wilmot (N. H.) Dispatch in Boston Advertiser.

A Hygienic Terror.

A germproof house is the latest addition to the hygienic terrors of life. It is not yet actually in existence, but medical congresses are busily and even hopefully paving the way for its advent. When it arrives and we are all thoroughly scientific and uncomfortable, our homes will be single-storied, without stairs, built on gravel soil, destitute of cellars, with concrete and blocks of earthenware "pierced for ventilation" placed under the floor, and the ordinary bricks "will be superseded by glazed and tightly fitting hygienic bricks." The roof will be tiled, not slated, and the windows will reach from top to bottom of the walls. The dining table will be of polished mahogany, the chairs cushionless or stuffed with medicated wool, says the London Chronicle. The walls ought to be made of a cement that takes a high polish, can be stained to any color, and washed frequently. Curtains and draperies of all kinds will be abolished; pictures will be permitted only when let into the cement wall; for artistic touches we shall be depending on "plants of india rubber and encyclopædus type." In no room will there be corners to harbor dust and bacteria, and the skirting will always curve into the hardwood parquet floors, instead of striking them at right angles.

Rain Shields.

In some form or other the umbrella was in use many centuries before the Christian era. We see it depicted in the paintings and sculptures of Egypt. In China and Japan the umbrella has been in existence as far back as history can trace, and the full war attire of a Japanese soldier included not only a fan, but a very large parasol. At the beginning of the seventeenth century umbrellas were introduced into England as a fashionable fad. In those days they were made of feathers in imitation of the plumage of water birds. Later, oiled silk became the ordinary material. In the reign of Queen Anne, as a protection in wet weather, they became of general use amongst women. That the stronger sex disdained them, although men's dress was just as gay and rich as that of ladies, is proved beyond a doubt by many writers of the period.

Let Paris dames the umbrella's ribs display To guard their beauties from the sunny ray; Or sweating slaves support the shady load, When Eastern monarchs show their state abroad; Britain in winter only knows its aid, To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.

Men abuse a woman who comes downtown and roars, but whenever the butcher or baker offends, every man sends his wife to complain about it.

THURSDAY, DEC. 11, 1902.

The SENTINEL believes in expansion; but it is of the opinion that Wrangell is hardly ready, yet awhile for incorporation.

Strangers outside of Wrangell need not think that because they are not advertising in the SENTINEL that the place has no hotel or saw-mill. The fact is, Wrangell has the best hotel building in all Alaska and her saw mill cuts more and better lumber than any other mill. Don't forget this fact.

All that is needed in Wrangell to bring the town to the front is united action on the part of the people. Our grand climate and other natural advantages are second to none on the coast, and all that is needed is to let the outside world know it. Wrangell doesn't want any booms; but what she does want is that to which she is entitled; and, if the people act harmoniously, that can be had.

Some one is suggesting that one branch of the treasury department in Alaska is being pretty well represented by populists for a republican administration. This is hardly justice to the ONLY man who was considered honest enough and capable enough to be placed at the head of affairs in that particular line.

Some day the press of Seattle will learn that all waters in Alaska are not "Wrangell Narrows." Every time a vessel goes on the rocks it is proclaimed in flaming headlines that "the disaster occurred at Wrangell Narrows." We wish to state for the benefit of those papers that the Narrows extend but about eighteen miles, and the channel is so accurately charted that there is no danger of a vessel striking rocks; and but one has in many years.

The Chamber of Commerce are doing the right thing in their move toward establishing a reading room and resort at their rooms on Front street. And while they are about it why not get a cabinet in which may be placed specimens of the various minerals found in this section, that they may be shown to the hordes of tourists that visit Wrangell during the summer months. This section produces those things of which we are all proud; and no man who "hides his candle under a bushel" will ever have it seen.

Most of all her needs at the present time Wrangell should have a fire company, regularly organized, officered and disciplined. There are a few buckets and ladders here now, but in case they are needed, Tom would say do this, Dick would say do that, Harry would say do something else and the consequence would be nothing would be accomplished. Nothing succeeds at a fire like systematic work, and this cannot be had without organization. Who will take the lead in this matter?

Our worthy neighbor, the Mining Journal asks SENTINEL to advance one reason that could be advanced against territorial organization for Alaska. All right neighbor, just one: How many PERMANENT residents has Alaska? In the language of the comedian the people are "here tomorrow and gone today;" in other words they are migratory; like the birds they spend their summers in Alaska but flee to other climes for winter, and hence cannot be classed as permanent fixtures. Until this ceases and Alaska has a healthy, bonafide population, she needs no territorial form of government to heap an unnecessary taxation upon those who are here as permanent fixtures.

Gen. Greely, chief of the army signal corps, has been in Alaska, and being of an observant nature, saw what was needed here more than anything else, and this is the way he puts it: "I was glad that I could express some opinions and recommendations about this matter to my last annual report. What the people of Alaska want now is better laws, and I am glad to hear

that there is a prospect of their getting them." If the people of Alaska would raise less breeze about territorial government and pull together for some good wholesome laws that we need, much more good could be accomplished.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Capt T.A. Wilson will soon make a business trip below.

J. F. Collins reached home on Topeka, yesterday.

The Capella sails for Prince of Wales Island next Monday.

The output of gold at Dawson this year is \$12,000,000.

The Topeka came in yesterday noon, with ice on her sides, looking chilly.

Mrs. Baronvitch and daughter Cecelia left for home on the Topeka yesterday.

Supt. Kelly will be in Wrangell to look after our schools in a day or two.

The Wrangell Christian Endeavorers had a social and a good time at the Church Tuesday evening.

M. C. Marshal is able to be on the streets again after a severe tussel with rheumatism.

M. R. Rosenthal is scarcely able to move about from the effects of his old ailment—rheumatism.

Regular meeting of the Chamber of Commerce next Thursday evening—one week from tonight.

The steamer Antelope intends starting out today for Snow Pass, to bring in a raft of logs.

Mrs. F. E. Cagle, and two sons are packing up preparatory to moving to Ketchikan where they will make their home.

The Seattle P-I says that the Alaskan game law knocks business silly in that city in the buying of furs. That the law is a mistake and will be corrected.

The mill will be thoroughly overhauled in time for next years run which will probably begin in February. Mr. Wellman will oversee the work.

Marshal Grant is still absent from home. He hired a steamer to take him about fifty miles from Ketchikan where he went in quest of a prisoner. The steamer returned, leaving Mr. G. on the island, and he has had no way of getting back to the line of travel to reach home. No apprehension is felt on his account, however.

The people would not object, seriously, to the oil trust if that concern would but give them a decent article. But they do object to paying 30c. a gallon for stuff, that, what little it does burn, makes a dull, dead light and emits a nauseating smell that is almost suffocating. The old "tallow dip" is as good and not one-tenth as expensive and aggravating as much of the so-called coal oil. And they tell us that the same defect is striking the gasoline.

The shrill whistle of the Ragnild at 9 p. m. Monday, gave notice that she was again in her home port. She went to Sitka Nov. 29th after herring, but Capt. Hofstad said they found none, and he remarked to the SENTINEL man, "I don't understand it. In former years the herring have been so thick that a boat could scarcely make its way for them; but this year there are practically none there nor are there any at other points where heretofore they have been plentiful." The Ragnild encountered very cold and disagreeable weather from the time she left till she got into Etolin Bay again.

School Report.

Following is the report of school no. 2, for the month of November: Number of days taught..... 18 Days present..... 72 1/2 Days absent..... 30 1/2 Times tardy..... 31 Pupils enrolled..... 44 Average daily attendance..... 41 Visitors..... 14

The following pupils being neither absent nor tardy during the month, constitute the roll of honor: Henry Farrer, Frank Churchill, George McGee, Frederick Bronson, Margaret Bronson, Willie Snyder, Lulu Farrer, Eddie Lynch, Katherine Bronson, Aurora Lemieux, Christina Lemieux, Roy Churchill, Marguerite Haw, Lynn Worden, Charlie Moore, Louis Lemieux, Mary Loftus.

W. GILBERT BEATTIE, Principal.

SCHOOL NO. 1

Total days attendance..... 395 Total days absence..... 105 Average daily attendance..... 21 No. enrolled during month..... 29 No. times tardy..... 22 Visitors..... 2

Neither absent nor tardy: Ray Watters and Walter Wellman.

MINNIE ROBERTSON, Teacher

THE STICKEEN PHARMACY,

Wrangell, Alaska.

Drs. Kyvig & Schruder,

—Dealers In—

Pure Drugs and Chemicals,

Stationery and Toilet Articles.

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded at All Hours.

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Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes and Barbers' Supplies.

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L. C. Patnaude, Prop'r.

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Dealers In Dry Goods, Groceries,

CANNED GOODS, FRESH FRUITS, CURED MEATS, CANDIES, ETC.

DRY GOODS, SHOES—MEN'S, BOYS, and Ladies and Children's, Ladies' Slippers, Ladies' Warm Shoes, Men's Slippers. A fine line of LADIES' CAPES, Watches, Clocks and Ladies' Gold Watches and Chains. Also Men's Pants and Boys Suits.

5c. off on Every \$1.00 Purchase at our store.

Sugar, 16 lbs. \$1.00. Flour, \$1.25 sk. Potatoes, 2c. per lb. Lunch Eggs, 40c. per doz.

Chamber of Commerce.

The Wrangell Chamber of Commerce held an adjourned meeting last Thursday at their cozy rooms in the Card building, and transacted considerable business.

The names of Hon. W. G. Thomas and Mr. R. B. Young were presented for membership and were referred to a committee consisting of A. V. R. Snyder, George Clark and L. J. Cole.

The By-Laws committee reported amendments giving the secretary additional duties and requiring the Board of Directors to meet the first Monday in each month, and the amendments were adopted.

Bills were allowed as follows: Sentinel, printing, \$5 00 J.E. Worden, envelopes, 40 H.D. Campbell, furniture, 22 50 Wrangell Drug Co alcohol, 40 Donrid Sinclair, 2 lamps, etc 15 85

Total \$43 65 Sentinels offer to print 100 copies of By-Laws was accepted.

The Secretary's report, showing the amount of money collected to have been \$207.10; paid out \$72.50 leaving a balance of \$134.60 was accepted. The question of remunerating the secretary for his services was taken up, but was referred to the Board of Directors.

Miss Johnson, representing the Wrangell Drug Co., was present and stated that the Co. would give \$5 per month for three months toward maintaining a night-watchman. She also presented the Chamber with a number of books to be used in the reading room, and was thanked by Pres. Collins.

Moved and carried that a janitor be appointed to light and warm the room every evening at a salary of \$10 per month. Harry Collins was elected by the chamber.

There was a good attendance and everything passed off harmoniously.

Mr. Robert Bell went below on the last trip of the Alki. His family have been at Hillsboro, Oregon for some time, and they will join Mr. B. at Seattle, which city they will make their home in this winter.

And here comes Attorney Rodman from Ketchikan on legal business that will take him several days to transact. The ex-Judge is building up a good business at Ketchikan and is happy. His face looks familiar enough on our streets.

While Sidney Parish was breaking up a box, Monday, by some means he ran an 8-penny wire nail clear through the fleshy part of his right hand. With true grit he got a pair of pliers and yanked the nail out and wrapped up the wounded member.

Mr. Theodore Thomason did not get off on his trip to the westward, after all. He could not make connection with the steamer Chilacoff, and so came back on the Ragnild. He will go later on however.

THANKS, ME LORD.

The ALASKA SENTINEL is the title of a new six column folio weekly publication the first number of which was issued at Wrangell on the 20th inst. A. V. R. Snyder editor and proprietor. It is a neatly printed, well edited sheet, and judging from its display of local advertising has evidently come to stay. If the Wrangellites are possessed of the public spirit with which the SENTINEL credits them they will give Bro. Snyder a support that will insure beyond question the success of his enterprise.—Mining Journal.

Many of our readers seem to have a misapprehension regarding the way the SENTINEL is mailed. It is sent through the postoffice for the reason that the Wrangell list is so miscellaneous—many being out of town most of the time—that it would be impossible to deliver it by carriers without missing many. Hence it is mailed at the postoffice every Thursday.

Mr. Amundson and daughters Laura and Mrs. Goodrich and Mr. Goodrich started out in a small boat for the Girard Point cannery Monday morning, and when down near the point about a mile below town, one of those Stickeen squalls struck them and carried away their mast. In this predicament they were forced to return to town.

FINAL SETTLEMENT NOTICE.

In the Commissioner's Court, Wrangell Precinct, District of Alaska, First Division; In Probate.

In the matter of the estate of) DUNCAN MCKINNON, Deceased.

William D. Grant, Administrator of the estate of Duncan McKinnon, deceased, having filed his final account as administrator and asks to be discharged from his trust as such:

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested to be and appear before the Court at the Court House, in Wrangell, Alaska, on Monday, the 26th day of January 1903, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why said final account should not be approved and said administrator discharged from his trust as such. Dated at Wrangell, Alaska, this 18th day of Nov., A. D. 1902.

W. G. THOMAS, Commissioner and ex-officio Probate Judge. First publication, Nov. 20, 1902. Last publication, Jan. 15, 1903.

SENATE
Meat Market.

Fresh and Salt Meats

Always on Hand.

Vegetables, Poultry and Game In Season.

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T. J. CASE,

At his old stand in Wrangell furnishes the

Freshest Groceries and Provisions and Supplies.

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Chas. A. Thompson, Proprietor.

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First Class House in all Particulars.

The Warwick,

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Choicest Lines of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
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